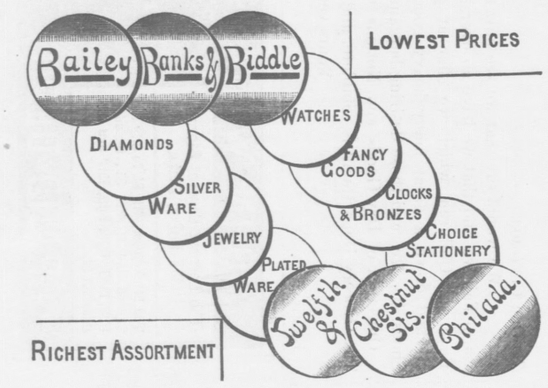
The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XV. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 10, 1882. NO. 6.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.



MIDDLETOWN DRUG STORE.

Barr's Old Stand. Established 1844.

S. B. GINN,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,

Toilet and Fancy Articles, Fine Soaps, Brushes, Patent Medicines,

And Druggists' Sundries Generally.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

☞ Prescriptions and Family Recipes accurately compounded of *Strictly Pure Medicines.* jan5-tf

West's Apothecary!

MAIN STREET, - - MIDDLETOWN, DEL.,

Just opened a FULL AND COMPLETE stock of

FRESH DRUGS! PURE CHEMICALS!

AND PATENT MEDICINES.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF BRUSHES, COMBS, SOAPS, CHAMOIS, SPONGES, POWDERS AND LAMP GOODS.

THE PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT,

Is now in charge of one whom the people of Middletown and vicinity have long known and trusted as a thorough, careful pharmacist.—J. H. PETHERBRIDGE.

BARR'S COLOGNE AND BARR'S FAMILY PILLS

Always on hand, and none are genuine unless they bear my name.

oct. 14-tf. F. C. WEST

"IN MEDICINE, QUALITY IS OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE."

CHAMBERLAINE'S

PHARMACY,

Main Street, opposite Middletown Hotel.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES, COMBS, ETC., PERFUMERY AND FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.

A full line of all the Popular Patent Medicines of the day constantly on hand.

THE PURCHASING, COMPOUNDING AND DISPENSING

For the above establishment is under the direct supervision of Dr. G. G. Chamberlaine, who has been connected with the drug business for the past thirty-five years, and may always be found at his store when not on his professional visits. mar25-1y.

LATEST IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES!

ALL MAKES AT LOW PRICES.

FIRST-CLASS PIANOS,

Cabinet Organs,

NEW STYLES AT REDUCED PRICES.

☞ SEND FOR CATALOGUES AND FULL PARTICULARS.

Sold for Cash or on Monthly Payments.

JOHN WILKINSON,

Dec. 2-1y. ELKTON, MARYLAND.

AMERICAN WATCH AND CLOCK DEPOT,

No. 11 NORTH SECOND STREET, (above Market,) PHILADELPHIA.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT AND SMALL PRICES.

☞ *LOOK AT SOME OF THE PRICES.*

LADIES' SOLID GOLD AMERICAN LEVER WATCHES, ... $22.00
GENTS' " " " " 30.00
LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCHES AS LOW AS 12.00

ONE DAY CLOCKS, $1.00 UP. EIGHT DAY WALNUT CLOCKS, $3.00 UP.

A Large Stock on hand of Solid Gold and best Rolled Plated Jewelry and Chains. Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Opera Glasses and Spectacles.

☞ REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS DONE IN A SKILLFUL MANNER.

S. PICARD, No. 11 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S.—Every Article Warranted as Represented. Nov 11-1y

Piano and Organ Warerooms

OF GEORGE E. DEARBORN,

1508 CHESTNUT STREET, - - PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The largest variety of strictly first-class Pianos and Organs in the city. Pianos by Wm. Knabe & Co., Mathushek, J. & C. Fischer, Francis Bacon, &c., &c. The well-known Clough & Warren Bay State and A. B. Chase and New Haven Organs.

☞ Will sell exceedingly low for cash, or very easy monthly payments.

GEO. E. DEARBORN, 1508 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

☞ Tuning and Repairing promptly attended to. D. A. COMERER, Tuner and Salesman, and Agent for Delaware. sep.23-6m.

Posts and Rails.

50,000 Chestnut Posts and Rails for sale!

By the undersigned, who having recently purchased a large tract of lumber, is prepared to fill all orders for fencing material at short notice, and at reasonable prices, delivered at any station on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore and Delaware Railroads, and their connections.

Posts 7 and 8 feet long, three, four, and five holes.
Plain Posts, 5, 7 and 8 feet long, for Picket or Board Fence.
Rails 11½ feet long, pointed.
The above nicely dressed by experienced workmen.
For further information, address
GEO. M. D. HART,
jan 14-tf. TOWNSEND, DEL.

FALL 1881.

A FULL LINE OF NEW

MILLINERY

—AND—

FANCY GOODS

FOR THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON now open. You are cordially invited to call and examine our stock, which will consist of all the novelties of the season in the Millinery line.

ADA JUMP & CO.,
CORNER MAIN & CASS Str's., Middletown Del.

Bricks! Bricks!

Manufactured and for sale by

D. B. MALONEY,

Aug.19-6m. Townsend, Del.

AIM AND END.

Alone with my soul and the silence
I sit in the twilight sweet,
And the past and the future are mingled
As daylight and darkness meet.

I sit alone in the shadows—
I wonder, and dream, and recall,
And I ask, with a faith half falling,
What is the end of it all?

What is the aim of the struggle?
The end of this strain and strife,
The toil and endeavor and longing,
That make up the sum of life?

The gain, for one short, sweet hour;
The loss, for the long, long years;
The patience that waits and wearies,
The prayers, and regrets, and tears.

The hopes, that in endless denial,
Sank one by one to the past;
The desire that died in fulfillment;
The dream—and the waking at last!

* * * * * * *

I sit alone in the twilight,
And my lips are dumb,
But my heart cries out in anguish,
Till an answer come.

And at last, as the arms of darkness
Fold me around,
It comes as the moonlight cometh,
Without stir or sound!

"If thou hast loved, and given
Thyself for another—
If thou hast served, unasking,
God and thy brother—

"If *once*, in all life's turmoil
Of strain and strife,
One living heart hath blessed thee,
That was the end of life!"

* * * * * * *

I sit alone in the twilight,
And, wondering, muse and recall;
And the lips that I love have answered—
"*This was the end of it all!*"

"LI BACIO."

The lilies kiss the waves they love,
The ripples kiss the flowers;
The swallows sweep from heaven above
To kiss this world of ours;
The foaming billows kiss the beach
In wild, ungentle fashion;
The weeping willows earthward reach
T' enjoy the darling passion;
The ivy kisses from its birth,
All other things dismissing;
And all things loveliest on earth
Seem most engaged in kissing.
As this by all is seen and heard
And known to be most true, love,
'Twere quite unnatural and absurd
That I should not kiss you, love.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

When Mary Clarimont's engagement was proclaimed to the world, there was a general expression of surprise.

People generally are surprised at matrimonial engagements. There is always some cogent reason why things should have been adjusted otherwise—why John should have married Joan, and Peter should prefer Betsey. Nobody ever yet was married to suit everybody.

But in Mary Clarimont's case it did really seem as if the course of true love had interferred seriously with the current of common sense and prudence.

Miss Clarimont was only one and twenty, a tall, imperial beauty with dewy black eyes, a skin as fresh as damask roses, and dark brown hair coiled in shining bands at the back of her head. Moreover, Miss Clarimont had a "career" before her. She had just graduated from Medfield Medical University, and taken out her diploma as an M. D.

"And only to think of it," said Aunt Jo, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment "that she must need go and ruin all her prospects by getting engaged to Harry Marlow, down in New York."

"It does seem strange, Aunt Jo, when I sit down and think of it," said Doctor Mary, blushing and laughing. "Six months ago my profession was all the world to me. I neither cared for nor wished for anything outside of its limits. The future was all mapped out before me, without let or hindrance; and now—"

"Humph!" growled Aunt Jo. "Any brainless idiot can get married, and keep a man's house and mend his shirts for him, but you were made for something higher and more dignified, Mary."

Mary's dew-bright eyes sparkled.

"Higher, Aunt Jo?" said she. "More dignified? There you are mistaken. There is no higher or more dignified lot in life than that of the true loving wife of a noble husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo. "As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding ring didn't say the same thing! You've disappointed me, Mary Clarimont, and I'm ashamed of you, and that's the long and short of it!"

Mary smiled.

"Dear Aunt Jo," said she, "I shall not let my sword and shield rust, believe me. Harry has his own talents to advance him in the world, and it will be at least a year before we are ready to marry. In the meantime, I shall accept the post of visiting physician to the Aldenbury Almshouse, and practice my profession in Aldenbury, just the same as if there were no engagement.

"I wish to goodness there wasn't," said Aunt Jo. "I tell you what, Mary, I don't fancy that smiling, smooth-tongued young man of yours, and I never shall."

Still Dr. Clarimont kept her temper.

"I am sorry, Aunt Jo," said she, pleasantly. "But I hope that you will eventually change your mind."

"I used to keep a thread-and-needle store when I was a young woman," remarked Aunt Jo, dryly, "and I could always tell the ring of a counterfeit half-dollar when a customer laid it on the counter. I could then, and I can now—and I tell you what, there's base metal about Harry Marlow!"

Mary bit her lips.

"Perhaps. We will not discuss the subject further, Aunt Jo," she said, with quiet dignity, and the old lady said no more.

"Aunt Jo is wrong!" persisted the pretty young M. D., to herself.

"Mary is making a fool of herself!" thought Aunt Jo.

Aldenbury was a pretty manufacturing village, with a main street shaded by umbrageous maples, a "west end," where people who had made their fortunes lived comfortably in roomy old houses surrounded by velvet lawns and terraced gardens, and an "east end," where people fought desperately, and not always successfully to keep soul and body together on the merest pittance.

And a little way out of the village, the almshouse, built and endowed by a certain smuggling sea captain, whose conscience had pricked him during his latter days, raised its graystone gables toward the sky, and made a picturesque background to the landscape.

Dr. Mary Clarimont made something of a sensation at Aldenbury. Up to this time, all the resident physicians had been stuffy old gentlemen, with wigs, or pert young ones, with eye-glasses.

A beautiful young lady, who wrote prescriptions and compounded pills and potions, was a novelty to have in the town, and by no means a disagreeable one. People rather liked the idea, since they had convinced themselves that the lady doctor thoroughly understood herself and her patients.

And the poor old people at the almshouse grew to love Dr. Mary, and listened with eager ears for the sound of her carriage wheels over the blue gravel drive which led up to the portico.

It was a brilliant December day when the young physician stood in the neatly carpeted reception room drawing on her fur gloves, previous to entering her phæton once again, while she reiterated to the white-capped maid some directions respecting old Ann Mudgett's rheumatism, when the matron hurried in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Doctor Clarimont," she said, "but I clean forgot the new old woman!"

"The new old woman!" repeated Doctor Mary, with a smile.

"That is," exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham, "she only came here last night—a quiet old soul, half blind and quite bad with asthma. Perhaps you'd better just see her before you go. She brought a card of admission from Dr. Merton, the New York clergyman, who is one of our directors, you know. And she seems a decent body enough."

So Doctor Mary went cheerfully into the little brick-paved room, with its white pallet bed, cushioned rocking chair, neatly draped casement, where sat a poor little shriveled up woman, wrapped in a faded shawl.

She looked up timidly from under the borders of her cap as Doctor Mary came in.

"I'm a poor body, miss," said she, "and I'm sensible I'm making a deal of trouble in the world. But the Lord don't take us, miss, when we'd like to go."

"This is the doctor," said Mrs. Cunningham.

The little woman would have risen up to make a courtesy, but Dr. Mary motioned her to keep her seat.

"What is your name?" said she, pleasantly.

"Louise Marlow, miss."

"Marlow? That is an unusual name, isn't it?" said Mary Clarimont, coloring in spite of herself.

"We're English, miss," said the old woman, struggling with her asthma. "There ain't many of us in this country. I've a son, miss, in the law business, as any mother might be proud of."

"A son!" echoed Mrs. Cunningham, "and you in the almshouse!"

"Not that it's his fault, ma'am," the old creature made haste to explain. "My son is to be married to a fine, proud young lady as is fit for any prince in all the land, and of course he couldn't be expected to burden himself with a helpless old woman like me. He says I'm to write and let him know how I get along, and if I am sick, or anything, he'll try to see me. I sewed carpets until the asthma got hold of me, and supported myself comfortably. But of course I could not lay up anything for a rainy day—who could! And Harry couldn't help me, for he's getting ready to be married, poor lad! So I went to Dr. Merton and asked him did he know of any decent place where an old woman like me could end her days in peace. And he gave me a card to come here, and some money to pay my traveling expenses—God bless him—and here I am."

Mary Clarimont had listened quietly to the garrulous tale, but the color had varied in her cheek more than once as she stood there.

"Is your son's name Harry Harlow?" she said, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Yes, miss, at your service," said the old woman, with a duck of her white-capped head, which was meant to do duty in place of the impossible courtesy.

"Is he like this?" asked Dr. Mary, taking a photograph from her pocket.

The old woman, with trembling hands, fitted on her iron-bowed spectacles, and looked at the picture, uttering a little cry of recognition.

"Sure, miss, it's his own self," she cried. "You're acquainted with him, then?"

"Somewhat," said Dr. Mary, composedly, as she returned the photograph to its place. "And now I will leave you something to relieve this difficulty in breathing."

But the old crone eyed her wistfully.

"Perhaps you know the young lady my son is to marry?"

"Yes," said Dr. Mary, writing something in her prescription book. "I have seen her."

"Perhaps, miss," faltered the old woman, "you would give her my humble duty, and tell her I would just like to look at her for once and see what she is like. There is no fear of my troubling her, miss, for I mean to end my days here. But I would like to see her just once. And if it wouldn't be asking too much, miss, would you please write to my son, and tell him where I am?—for I'm no scholar, myself, and I'm his mother, after all."

"I will write to him," said Dr. Mary, quietly; and so she went away.

"I never see a lady doctor afore," said old Mrs. Marlow, with a long sigh. "But she is a pretty creature, and it seems good to have her around. I hope she'll come again, soon."

"You may be very sure of that," said the matron brusquely. "Dr. Clarimont ain't one to neglect people because they are poor."

That evening Aunt Jo, frying crullers over the kitchen fire, was surprised by a visit from her niece, who came in all wrapped in furs, with cheeks aglow from the frosty, winter air.

"Bless me! this ain't never you?" said Aunt Jo, peering over her spectacles.

"I drove over to see you, Aunt Jo," said Mary, "to tell that you were right. The metal was counterfeit."

"Eh!" said Aunt Jo, mechanically ladeling out the brown, curly crullers, although she did not look at what she was doing.

"I have written to Harry Marlow, canceling our engagement," said Dr. Mary, calmly, albeit her voice faltered a little. "The man who will heartlessly let his old mother go to an almshouse, sooner than take the trouble to maintain her," and the girl's heart was full to overflowing.

When she had ceased speaking, Aunt Jo nodded her head.

"You have done well and wisely," she said.

Old Mrs. Marlow died that winter in Aldenbury Almshouse, with her head on Dr. Mary Clarimont's arm, and never knew that her garrulous confession had deprived her son of his promised wife.

And Mary says, quietly and resolutely, that her profession must be husband and home to her henceforth.

"Just what it ought to be," says Aunt Jo. "No woman ever yet succeeded in doing two things at once."

LYNCH LAW.

The people of Wisconsin are deploring the hanging of Ed. Maxwell, at Durand, and saying that it is a blot upon the history of the State, etc.

We also deplore lynch law, but it has broken out in some of the most sedate and steady of the States in the Union, and the indications are that people are beginning to get a little scared about allowing criminals to be tried by the courts.

Lynch law in the West may be regarded as a condition of affairs where the people begin to feel that the law is not sufficiently powerful to whoop up substantial justice.

It is also safe to prognosticate that at Durand, Wis., and Bloomington, Ill., as well as several other points, crime will not have its tail over the dashboard so extensively as heretofore.

So far as Maxwell himself was concerned, we do not think his death was such a hardship as many suppose.

If he had not been hung, he would have been compelled to remain in Durand for some months, and death was really a happy release. No matter where he went after death, he struck a more congenial clime, in our estimation, than Durand.

We spent a day or two at that metropolis a few years ago. It is not a pretty town, nor a very hilarious one either. We rode about a hundred miles by stage through a bed of sand to get there, and the hotel was full. It seems that two traveling men from Milwaukee had entered the town during the afternoon, and Durand was therefore having a boom. The traveling men had engaged a room apiece, which filled the hotel to overflowing.

Most everyone knows with what a shy, reluctant way a commercial man walks up to the proprietor and asks for the bridal chamber to sleep in and the front parlor for a sample room. Well, these bummers were of that style. The landlord wasn't hardened to the usages of commercial men, so if they had asked him to make a pie of his two-year-old twins, no doubt he would have done it and charged it in the bill.

Therefore we were assigned to an old boudoir on the eastern battlement, that had been used as a bath room years before, but had been abandoned because it was not large enough for a tall man to bathe in, unless he bathed by sections.

We went into that room and tried to lock the door. It didn't have any lock on it. It had a "screw eye" and "hook" with which we fastened it, although we knew a man could stick a toothpick in and unfasten it. Then we had to step out into the hall to undress. It was too crowded in the bedroom.

At last we retired. The bed broke down twice, and we lost the pillow in our ear and had a bad time generally, till about two o'clock A. M., when a Chippewa river driver opened the door with a can opener, and walked in. He told us to hitch over, and as he was large and drunk, we did so. His breath was so vigorous that it peeled the plaster off the wall.

We arose early. It is not a custom, but we wanted to see a Wisconsin sunrise by candle light. Early rising never brought a better return, for while we were at breakfast our room mate stole everything on the second floor, except the soap, and went away.

That is why we say that Maxwell's fate might have been worse. Hanging is rather an ignominious way to die, but think what might have befallen him. He might have been employed as a clerk in that hotel, or he might have been chosen to teach the school in Durand. There are some things worse than death.—*Bill Nye.*

HOW THE EXPRESS BUSINESS STARTED.

I have just found an old letter, addressed to me on the 29th of October, 1838, which led to results quite overpowering in their magnitude. The writer is William F. Harnden. He tells me that he has applied for a post of conductor upon the Western Railroad, and solicits my influence, as treasurer of the road, "should you think me worthy of the office." Harnden had been selling tickets at the Worcester Railroad Depot, but found this occupation much too sedentary for his active nature. For some reason, which I do not recall, Harnden did not get the conductorship; but his application brought me in contact with this live, intelligent young fellow, who wished to be on the go, and I suggested to him a new sort of business, which in the hands of a bright man I thought might be pushed to success. As director and president of the Providence Railroad, I was compelled to make weekly journeys to New York, where the bulk of our stock was held. The days of my departure were well known, and I was always met at the depot by a bevy of merchant's clerk, who wished to intrust packages of business papers, samples of goods and other light matters to my care. The mail establishment was at that time utterly insufficient to meet the wants of the public. The postage was 17 cents on every seperate bit of paper and this was a burdensome tax upon the daily checks, drafts and receipts incident to mercantile transactions. I was ready to be of service to my friends, through some of them thought my good nature was imposed upon when they found that I was obliged to carry a large traveling bag to receive their contributions. I kept this bag constantly in sight on my journey, and, upon arriving in New York, delivered it to a man whom the merchants employed to meet me and distribute its contents. Now it occurred to me that here was an opportunity for somebody to do for an adequate compensation, just what I was doing for nothing. I pointed out to Mr. Harnden that the collection and delivery of parcels, as well as their transportation, might be taken by one responsible person, for whose service the merchants would be glad to pay. The suggestion fell upon fruitful soil. Harnden asked me for special facilities upon the Boston and Providence road, which I gladly gave him, and with the opening year he commenced regular trips, (twice a week, I think he made them) bearing in his hand a small valise and that valise contained in germ the immense express business—contained it as the acorn contains the forest of oaks that may come from it; but many generations are required to see the magnificence of the forest, while the growths of human enterprise extend to their wonderful maturity in short life. Harnden's fate was that too common with pioneers and inventors. He built up a great business by steady industry, saw all its splendid possibilities, tried to realize them before the time was ripe, and died a poor man at the age of 33. In attempting to extend the express to Europe, he assumed risks that were ruinous, and the stalwart Vermonter, Alvin Adams, took his place as chief of the great industry which has arisen under his hands.—*Josiah Quincy in the Independent.*

MINING IN HOT PLACES.

If there are to be found anywhere in the world a set of human salamanders, we may claim the credit of having them here on the Comstock. What would scorch a man who lives wholly on the surface chills a miner inured to the heat of the lower levels. A miner who has been for some months past working in one of the hottest sections of the Comstock, a day or two since, gave a reporter his experience of the heat which miners are often called upon to encounter. He says that in working at points where the thermometer marks 115 to 120 degrees great thirst is experienced. No ice water is too cold to be swallowed with a relish. Men go to the water barrel in which huge chunks of ice are floating about, and with their picks chop up the ice in order that the water may be rendered colder by being filled with fine fragments. Often this does not satisfy them and they chew and swallow lumps of ice.

The natural temperature of the human body—of the blood—is about ninety-eight degrees, Fahrenheit, therefore, when a man remains in a hot place for an hour, or even half an hour, his blood, and his whole body, becomes heated to the temperature of 115 to 120 degrees, or whatever may be the temperature of the place in which he is at work. It is then the miner begins to pour down ice water and eat ice. The strangest thing about the business is that it does not hurt any of the men. Often they swallow such quantities of ice water that their stomachs will not retain it. All they do on such occasions is to swallow more of the same water, but more cautiously.

When the men are working in extremely hot places the temperature of the place to which they come to cool off—the cooling-off station—is probably 100 degrees. This temperature—which would almost roast a surface man—appears cool to a man who has come from a place where the thermometer marks 110 to 115 degrees. In a place where the thermometer is ninety the man will feel so cold as to shiver. Often at the cooling-off station, where the temperature is 100 degrees, the perspiration will cease and the man will begin to feel very uncomfortable. On leaving and going back to where the temperature is from 115 to 120, as the perspiration begins to start, there is for a minute or two an intolerable itching over the whole body. As each closed pore reopens it produces a tingling sensation. However, as soon as there is a free flow of perspiration, all this trouble ceases, and the man feels quite comfortable and so remains until his whole body—blood, flesh and bones—again reaches a temperature of from 110 to 120, when he becomes wild for ice water and ice. It is not a little strange—when we consider that ninety-eight degrees is the natural temperature of the blood—that serious results do not follow exposure to a degree of heat almost sufficient to cook the blood in the veins. —*Virginia City (Nev.,) Enterprise.*

ARMED EUROPE.

The gross population of the five great military Powers of Europe—France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy—amounts to 238,000,000. The sum of their armies on a peace footing is 2,100,000, or one per cent. of the total population constantly withdrawn from civilian avocations to serve as soldiers. On a war footing, these armies, by calling in furlough men and first reserves, swell forthwith to an aggregate of nearly seven millions, or three per cent. of the total population. But this proportion by no means exhausts the fund of citizens liable to military service. At the discretion of those in authority class after class of reserves can be called out—and must come out—until the maximum force that the five Powers can arm and embody reaches the stupendous total of 14,000,000 of men—roughly, six per cent. of their gross population. People in Europe profess surprise at the stupendous and increasing emigration to America, but the explanation, primarily at least, is to be found in these amazing figures and in the review and summary given of European military expenditures, which are succinctly given in the two succeeding paragraphs.

The deduction from the financial prosperity of a nation by the slice of its adult manhood hacked from out its money earning power for military purposes represents in itself a hugh sum. Take Germany as an example. Her army on its nominal peace footing numbers 430,000 men. It is no strained assumption to hold that each of these men would in civilian life earn $200 a year, which sum, whether banked or spent, would contribute to the increase of the country's wealth. By withdrawing, then, these 430,000 men from earning each this money, Germany annually sacrifices on the altar of a standing army no less a sum than $86,000,000. This may be called the passive cost of the national luxury of a standing army. But to this passive cost must be added the active cost of the national expenditure in maintaining that army. Germany is one of the most economical among the nations in the matter of military expenditure in proportion to the size of her army. Yet her ordinary military budget amounts annually to $82,500,000.

Russia spends on her army in peace time over twenty-eight per cent. of her total revenue. The annual taxation of France for military purposes reaches $3.25 per capita. But to generalize for a moment on war expenditures. The gross annual revenues of the five great military Powers amounts to $1,328,000,000. Their annual ordinary military expenditure reaches $391,000,000, affording an average of above twenty-one per cent. of gross revenue expended in maintaining armies. And, finally, the application by the five Powers of the maxim, "If you desire peace, be ready for war!" exacts from every man, woman and child within their borders an annual contribution for military purposes of a few cents short of $2 per annum. This might be a fair assurance premium to pay against war were it a secure guarantee, but the truth is that it must be regarded not so much an assurance against the evils of war as a premium on the joys of war, whatever they may be. But, strangely, in spite of these colossal expenditures, a big national army is a much more economical thing than a small professional army. England maintains her regular army of about one hundred and twenty thousand men—exclusive of the Indian establishment, paid out of the Indian treasury—at an annual cost of about $70,000,000. But the proud privilege of having incomparably the costliest army in the known world belongs to the United States. The strength of the regular army of this Republic is under 25,000 men, and its annual cost is $40,000,000. Germany maintains a standing army of 430,000 men and the machinery for promptly swelling it to a host 1,000,000 strong at an annual expenditure of only $42,500,000 more than it costs the United States to maintain under arms 25,000.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE average production per acre of our three principal cereals for the whole country is: Corn, 28 bushels, oats, 25 bushels, and wheat less than 13 bushels. Of the great wheat-growing States, Ohio, has the largest average yield, 18 bushels per acre, and Iowa the smallest, 10½ bushels per acre. Iowa takes the Johnny cake in corn yields, 42 bushels per acre, and Minnesota in oats, 38 bushels per acre.

The scales used for weighing gold in the assay office, at New York, are so delicate that when brought to a balance with two pieces of paper of equal size in the pans, the mere writing of a name with a lead pencil on one of the pieces of paper will add enough weight to the paper to turn the scales in its favor.

AN ÆSTHETIC DAUGHTER AND HER PRACTICAL PA.

In a pleasant town lives a man who has grown comfortably well off in the small grocery line, whose daughter was sent away to a "female college," and last week she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse in the delivery wagon to convey his daughter and her trunk to the house. When the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide brimmed hat dashed from the car and flung itsels into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed; "I'm so utterly glad to see you!"

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it up in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hubbles toward home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man with a puzzled air; "quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it somewhat about ten mile beyond Warren, countin' from the Bath way, if that's what you mean?"

"Oh, no, pa, you don't understand me," the daughter explained; "I mean this wagon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they would be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a single poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat, and muttered something about he believed it used to be used for an express wagon before he bought it to deliver pork in, but the conversation appeared to be traveling in such a lonesome direction that he fetched the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegiatess as they drove up at the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "a' how d' you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're shou—I mean I consider it far too beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I, mean grand—so exquisite—so intense. And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup, "half full"—"but how about your books—readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa, don't," exclaimed the daughter, reproachfully, "the rule of three! grammar! It is French, and music, and painting, and the divine in art that has made my school life the bos—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The groceryman and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Mary?"

"They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady, "and this plum preserve is simply a poem in itself."

The old man abruptly rose from the table, and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning he rapped smartly on the table with the handle of his knife and remarked:

"Maria—me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, and we've come to the conclusion that this boardin' school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty odd consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, and there's goin' to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now after you've finished eating that poem of fried sausage and that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take and dust up stairs, in less'n two seconds, an' peel off that fancy gown an' put on a caliker, an' then come down here an' help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't goin' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house, so long's your superlative pa an' your lovely an' consummate ma's running the ranche. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.

It is just after a man has received his bill for a week's seaside board that he realizes that there is no place like home. —*Quiz.* True, dear *Quiz*, but when he comes to pay the milliner's bill for a set of Gainsboroughs all around, home and the seaside board bill are pretty much of a muchness.—*New Jersey Enterprise.*

The Transcript

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 10, 1882.

CHIPS.

It isn't a liver pad that a man wants when he goes skating for the first time. —*Somerville Journal.*

Men are too much inclined to accept a pretty woman at her face value.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Some men are like matches; you don't know their quality until they are struck.—*McGregor News.*

Guiteau does not exactly see the point of his trial, but he will soon get the hang of it.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A total eclipse of the son occurs when a young lady with a Gainsborough hat occupies the seat immediately in front of a young man at the opera.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Make Somebody Glad" urges a recent poem. Hundreds of young men can comply with this request by simply bidding her good night two or three hours earlier Sunday nights.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Who's this ere Oscar Wilde?" said a street Arab to his mate. "Oh, he's only a tall Mick that's put in here to show people how mean a man looks with his little brother's pants on."—*Rome Sentinel.*

Some people will never get through asking foolish questions. A New York paper asks: "Was Grant surprised at Shiloh?" We don't know how it was at Shiloh, but Grant was very much surprised at Chicago. He was shocked. —*Texas Siftings.*

A lady writer finds fault with the manners of the King of Sweden, because his majesty scratched his royal head with his fork at dinner. Some people are entirely too fastidious. Would the lady have had his majesty scratch his head with the leg of a chair? —*Somerville Journal.*

"Isn't the moon beautiful this evening?" said Alonzo, as he smuggled his arm just as close upon hers as he could. "Y-yes, but I know another moon that is perfectly ecstatic in its loveliness." "Do you? What moon is that, ducky?" "It's the honeymoon, Alonzo, and don't you think it is about time for us to have one?" The cards are out.—*New Haven Register.*

Said the shrewd tramp: "No, sir; I never try to beat rides on railway trains. When I want to get a ticket to a town, I go to the authorities of the place where I am staying, and say: 'See here, I'm a pauper; I belong to such a town. I think I'm going to have the small-pox and I want to go home.' They are so anxious to get me out of town they shell out a ticket quicker than a cat can dodge." To live is to work rackets.—*Boston Post.*

Herbert Spencer says it is "an illusion" to think "that at each moment the ego is something more than the aggregate of feelings and ideas actual and nascent which then exists." There are moments when we scarcely realize that this is so. One of these moments is when the gas man presents his quarterly bill. At such a time the ego does seem something more than the aggregate of feelings. Several dollars and a half more, at least.—*Norristown Herald.*

It's evident that some farmers must be raised pretty far back in the country. Here's one that gets up in a bucolic convention and wants to know if any of them ever tried salt on potatoes. Just listen to that! That old haysifter had cut across lots about a hundred miles to bring them the tidings that the potato was more soluble in the stomach with a little salt than without. Likely they'd been using gravel, or stove polish, or something of that sort in his family.—*Rome Sentinel.*

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years. WM. T. MCCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have large sales, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

Why will grass not grow under our trees? M. Paul Bert has shown that green light hinders the development of plants. Plants inclosed in a green glass frame wither and die as though they were in darkness. M. Reguard finds that plants especially require the red rays. If sunlight is deprived of the red rays the plants soon cease to thrive.

NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT.—That pure, sweet, safe and effective American distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold and clover blossoms, called Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. A few doses instantly relieve the most violent sneezing or head cold, stop all watery discharges from the nose and eyes, cure headache and nervousness, and banish all danger of fever. Complete treatment for one dollar.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use, and being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them; and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

For sale by all druggists.

The Farm.

AN AGRICULTURAL PARADISE.

Attention is being drawn to Egypt as a country admirably suited for agricultural emigration. Despite the bad administration of the country, the advantages are many and real. In point of climate it would be perfection for the farmer. It never rains, hails, snows or freezes. The water necessary for irrigation is stored in reservoirs and distributed by canals; so the cultivator can have the equivalent of rain when he pleases. The Nile marks the limit of fertility; where its waters reach not there the desert commences. The soil is in great part derived from the sediment of the Nile. It is relatively deep, and by a little amelioration in tilling could be made to yield three times more than at present. Hand-labor is abundant, and costs only half a franc per day and no food. Land can be bought out for 500 francs an acre, and farming pays about 5 to 6 per cent. on capital. The system of cultivation is simple. When the Nile commences to rise, in the middle of June, rice or maize, etc., is sown; in autumn, wheat, beans or clover; and in March, cotton or cane sugar. Agricultural operations can be effected at all seasons, since there are no meteorological drawbacks. No manure is employed, for the natives dry the excrement of animals for the purposes of fuel. The same kind of plow is employed to-day as in the time of the Shepherd Kings, say eight thousand years ago. The soil is scratched to the depth of two inches; the plow is drawn by two bullocks or a camel and an ass. No care is observed in the selection of sowing seeds. The grain is never cut until it commences to self-shell; consequently threshing operations are easily conducted. The latter are effected in two manners—by a kind of roller armed with knife-teeth, when the grain is intended for human consumption and exportation; the second consists in trampling it under the feet of oxen, where the excrement of the animals also mingles.

Cotton is the most profitable product to cultivate, but it is very exhaustive because none of it is ever restored to the soil. The fibre and the oil are not exhausting products, but the seed or cake, which contains the fertilizing soil elements, are also exported to other countries for cattle-feeding. Mulberry trees could be grafted and so produce food for silkworms, while the vine could be made to yield fruit capitally suited for raisins, and hence meet the want now much felt in the manufacture of wine.

Every domestic animal has degenerated in Egypt save the ass, owing to want of adequate food, suitable care and healthful conditions. Green fodder is much needed in the warm weather, and trench-preserved food would admirably fill the void. Ordinarily there is not more than one head of cattle for every three acres. The drawback is the taxation, which amounts to about one-fourth of the total revenue of the land. Some holdings, and where the soil is of identical quality, pay four times higher taxation than the others. But this is the result of maladministration.—*Cor. Maryland Farmer.*

Our Column.

[The W. C. T. U. meets at Presbyterian church on the first Wednesday of every month.]

EDITED BY W. C. T. U.

A Pennsylvania lady tells that when General Harrison was running for President he stopped at the Washington House in Chester for dinner. After dinner was served it was noticed that the General pledged his toast in water and one of the gentlemen from New York, in offering, said, "General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The General refused in a very gentlemanly manner. Again he was urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect, and in the most dignified manner replied: "Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated and the other sixteen filled drunkard's graves—all through the pernicious habit of wine-drinking. I owe all my health, happiness and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now."

Probably few know what a temperance President we had during the few days in which General Harrison filled the chair of State.

WHAT IS IT?

[A correspondent sends the TRANSCRIPT the following puzzle in verse for the entertainment of its younger readers.]

The Lord made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man
To answer God's most holy plan.

A living being I became,
'Twas Adam that gave me my name;
Thence from his presence I withdrew,
No more of Adam ever knew.

I did my maker's laws obey,
From thence I never went astray.
Thousands of miles I go with fear
And seldom on the earth appear.

My body God did make complete,
But without wings, or arms, or feet:
My ways and actions did control
And in me put a living soul.

But he did something in me see,
And put a living soul in me—
A soul of me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

And when that soul was from me fled
I was the same as when first made,
And without hands, or feet, or soul
I travel now from pole to pole.

I labor hard both day and night,
To fallen man I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Will by my death great light behold.

No fear of death doth trouble me;
True happiness I can never see.
To heaven I can never go,
Nor sink in death to hell below.

The scriptures I cannot believe,
Of right or wrong I can't conceive;
Although my name therein is found,
To me they are an empty sound.

And now, my friends, these lines you'll read,
And search the scriptures with all speed,
And if my name you don't find there,
I'll think it strange, I do declare.

—F. M. J.

George M. D. Hart,
GRAIN
Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN
COAL, LIME, FERTILIZERS, &c.
TOWNSEND, DEL.

☞ Highest market price paid for Grain delivered at stations on the Delaware Railroad and branches. Also, at water landings.
jan14-tf.

DR. MOTT'S Liver Pills are the best Cathartic Regulators,

DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF cures Catarrh and all affections of the mucous membrane.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man and Beast. For use externally and internally.

DR. ROGER'S Vegetable Worm Syrup instantly destroys worms and removes the Secretions which cause them.

DR. GREEN'S Oxygenated Bitters is the oldest and best remedy for Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Malaria, Indigestion, all disorders of the stomach, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.—The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. The salve is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Be sure you get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are but imitations and counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.—It seems strange that any one will suffer from the many derangements brought on by an impure condition of the blood, when Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, or Blood and Liver Syrup will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has proven itself to be the Best Blood Purifier ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipilas, Malaria; all Nervous disorders and Debility, Billious complaints and all Diseases indicating an Impure Condition of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, etc. It corrects indigestion. A single bottle will prove to you its merits as a health renewer, for it acts like a charm, especially when the complaints of an exhausted nature, having a tendency to lessen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous system.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.—The following statement of William J. Coughlin, of Somerville; Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for it the attention of our readers. He says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the summer 1877 I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctor said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over a hundred dollars in doctors and medicines. I was so far gone at one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I laughed at my friend, thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy him, when to my surprise and gratification, I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years.

"I write this hoping you will publish it, so that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will be induced to take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that Consumption can be Cured. I have taken two bottles and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared and I shall soon be able to go to work." Sold by druggists.

Miscellaneous Advert's.

STATEMENT
UNDER OATH.

"I HAVE been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s Psoriasis, and others Leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and, in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skilful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there could be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of the winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit, and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet badly swollen, toe nails came off, finger nails dead and hard as bone, hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. Oh, my God! how I did suffer!

"My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the very go. They immediately got the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier), Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures). I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Resolvent three times a day, after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura morning and evening. Result, retured to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper.

HIRAM E. CARPENTER,
Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.
Sworn to before me, this 19th day of January, 1880. A. M. LEFFINGWELL,
Justice of the Peace.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medical Jelly, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 35c. Principal depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

A single dose instantly relieves the most violent Sneezing or Head Colds, clears the head as by magic, stops watery discharges from the nose and eyes, prevents ringing noises in the head, cures Nervous Headache, and subdues Chills and Fevers. Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal passages of foul mucus, restores the sense of smell, taste and hearing when affected, frees the head, throat and bronchial tubes of offensive matter, sweetens and purifies the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of catarrh towards consumption.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' PLASTERS

100 TIMES MORE EFFECTUAL than any other plaster or electric battery for pain and weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary organs, Partial Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

Benson's
—AWARDED—
Capcine
6
Porous
—MEDALS,—
Plaster.
The Best Known Remedy for
Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.
Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.
SEABURY & JOHNSON, Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

Middletown Advertisements.

Fall & Winter
GOODS!
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Dress Goods,
—FANCY GOODS.—
TRIMMINGS!
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
CLOTHING!
Hats, Caps,
Boots, Shoes,
Carpets, Oil Cloths
Fresh Groceries,
—PROVISIONS,—
SALT.

☞ The above-named goods we have in quantity and quality to please all who may favor us with a call.

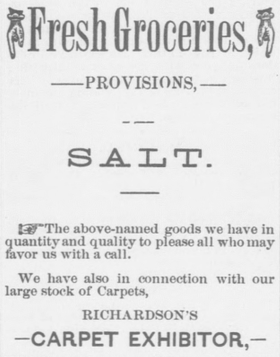
We have also in connection with our large stock of Carpets,
RICHARDSON'S
—CARPET EXHIBITOR,—
Which enables us to sell the very choicest styles of Tapestry, Body Brussels, and Moquet Carpets.

WE REPRESENT A STOCK OF CARPETS
Amounting to $10,000,
Ranging in price from 25 cents to $2.00 per yard.

We have also on hand some very handsome goods suitable for wooden weddings.

W. H. MOORE & CO.
MAIN ST., MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Jan 1-tf.

NEW No. 8,
Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine



Rotary Hook, Straight Needle, Independent Take-up, Automatic Under Tension, and Improved Feed.

☞ The best Sewing Apparatus in the world. The lightest running, and noiseless.
Don't buy poorly made and cheap Sewing Machines. The best is the cheapest.
M. L. HARDCASTLE, Agent, Middletown, Del.
Home Office, 807 Market St., Wilmington, Del.
J. H. PRIMROSE, Manager. may15-ly.

FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHING!
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED OUR VERY LARGE STOCK OF
Fall & Winter Clothing!
AND
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!
AS FOLLOWS:

Mens' Mixed Black Suits,	$ 5.00
" Stylish Plaid Suits,	6.00
" Stylish Sacque Suits,	7.50
" All-Wool Self-Lined Suits,	11.00
" All-Wool Diagonal Suits,	14.00
" Heavy Navy Blue Suits,	13.00
" Self-Lined Overcoats,	10.50
" "	12.50
" Heavy Chinchilla Overcoats,	$7 to $10
" Fur Beaver Overcoats,	8 to 10
" Self-Lined Ulsterettes,	8 to 12
" Long Fine Broken Plaid,	14
" Grey Overcoats,	$3 to $5
Youths' Suits,	4 to 9
" Overcoats,	$3 to $4.50
Boys' Suits,	3.50 to $7
" Overcoats,	$2.50 to $3.50
Children's Suits,	2.50 to 5.00
Mens' White Undershirts & Drawers,	25 to 90c
" Red Underwear,	$2.50 to $3.50
Gloves,	30c to $1
Buckskin Gloves,	$1.50 to $1.90

We have a Full Line of
SHIRTS AT ALL PRICES!
A CALL WILL SATISFY YOU THAT WE SELL AT CITY PRICES.
PHILIP LESS,
East Main Street, Middletown, Del.
Oct 21-tf

RICE'S ICE CREAM
AND
OYSTER HOUSE!

WE would respectfully inform our patrons that we have commenced the Oyster trade and that we are now prepared to furnish Oysters in every style at our saloon; also to Families by the Quart, Gallon and in the Shell. We are in receipt of Oysters daily which are taken from the shell as they are ordered. We buy no shucked oysters.
☞ Ice Cream all winter.
We shall keep constantly on hand Confectionery fresh from the manufactory weekly; also, Foreign and Domestic Fruits in season; in fact, everything usually kept in a first-class Ice Cream and Confectionery Store.
MRS. E. B. RICE WILL HAVE CHARGE OF THE RETAIL DEPARTMENT.
Thanking our old friends and patrons, we hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.
may6-ly. E. B. RICE, Agt.

Middletown Advertisements.

New FALL Stock!

Our friends and patrons will find us ready with a full line of NEW goods suitable for the season.

IN DRESS GOODS,
We have everything that is new, fresh and attractive, and our facilities enable us to buy at the very Lowest Figures.

Our Notion Department,
Contains all the latest novelties in the way of Trimmings, Laces and Fancy Goods generally.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Suitings,
A stock large and varied enough to please all tastes.
☞ WE MAKE A SPECIALTY in this line of goods, and invite an inspection of the same.

IN CARPETS,
We have a full line at CITY PRICES.

Our Grocery Department
Will always be found to contain a choice stock of fresh goods, and it is a well established fact that we sell groceries as low as any house on the Peninsula.
We are the sole agent in Middletown for the Celebrated
Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine
A stock of which we now have on hand.

M. L. HARDCASTLE,
No. 1 TOWN HALL,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.
aug19-tf.

J. B. FOARD. WM. A. COMEGYS.
FOARD & COMEGYS
Grain Commission Merchants,
And Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
COAL,
LIME, FERTILIZERS,
AND,
Agricultural Implements,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Sole Agents for
D. M. OSBORN'S
SELF-BINDING HARVESTER,
Six and Seven and Eight Feet Cut.
Mowers and Reaping Machines,
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Also, have for sale
STAR and VICTOR Horse Rakes,
JUST RECEIVED a car load of the celebrated
OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS,
FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES,
Rambo's Celebrated Lime
For Sale as Low as the Lowest.

AGENTS FOR THE
Acme Pulverizing Harrow.
☞ Call and examine goods at our warerooms, opposite the National Hotel. mar27-tf

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to the large and well-selected
Stock of Goods,
Consisting in part of
Dry Goods, Notions,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES
HATS, HARDWARE,
Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware
Earthen and Stone Ware,
FISH, MEATS, &c.
And everything usually kept in a
FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY STORE
All of which have been selected with care, and will be sold
At Prices in accordance with the times.
Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

NO CHARGE FOR SHOWING GOODS.

CHAS. TATMAN, Jr.
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Jan. 1, 1880-tf.

ROOFING!

WE DESIRE to call the attention of those who are about to build or repair, to our superior facilities for doing all kinds of
Metal Roofing
AT SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE VERY BEST MANNER.
THE BEST MATERIAL
Used and the work carefully done.
We Guarantee Satisfaction.
☞ ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED ☜
Stoves, Heaters, Ranges
—AND—
SLATE MANTELS,
—Of the newest designs always in store.—
TIN-WARE AND HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS
—In Great Variety.—
The Hennis Broiler,
The only common sense broiler ever invented. You will never use any other after trying it.
R. H. ELIASON,
Main Street, Middletown, Del.
Feb 28-tf.

Thomas Massey, Jr.,
CLOCK
And Watch Maker,
MAIN STREET,
Next Door to National Hotel,
Middletown, Delaware

CLOCKS, Watches, Jewelry, &c, neatly and promptly repared.
Always on hand and for sale, Clocks, Watches, Plated Ware, Forks, Spoons, Silver Napkin Rings, Silver Thimbles, Salt, Sugar and Tea Spoons, Butter Knives, Gold Breast-Pins, Ear-Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Watch Chains, Watch Keys, Key Rings, Steel Watch Chains, &c.
AGENT FOR
DEVINNY'S SPECTACLES.
Jan1-ly

Middletown Advertisements.

DO NOT FORGET TO
Go To Benson's
WHEN IN TOWN.
WE HAVE
UNDERWEAR at very low prices,
For Men, Women and Children, from the Very Cheapest to Very Fine Goods, in both white and scarlet.
SOME VERY ELEGANT
BLUE FLANNEL SHIRTS.
Hosiery,
We take great pleasure in showing. Our stock is full and cannot fail to please you.
VELVETS & VELVETEENS,
SILKS, SATINS,
both striped Brocades and plain.
FRINGES, PASSAMENTRIES,
LARGE & SMALL ORNAMENTS,
Girdles, Tassels, Balls and Beads
10 per cent. lower than to be found elsewhere.
Beautiful Line of Lace Curtains,
PILLOW SHAMS AND SPLASHERS.
TIDIES in both Fancy Colors & White.
Linen Collars and Cuffs, Celluloid Collars and Cuffs. Suspenders.
Gloves of all kinds!
OUR OWN SHIRT!
The best Shirt made for $1.
Dry Goods lower than to be found elsewhere. Come and see us and prove facts. One Price! Everything Cash!
dec9-tf BENJ. BENSON.

STOVES!!
AND
TIN WARE.
You will find at the Store of
L. W. Roberts & Co.,
Broad Street, near Main,
MIDDLETOWN, DELA.,
A FULL STOCK OF
STOVES
Embracing all the Latest Designs in
Parlor, Office and Cook Stoves.
MANY NOVELTIES JUST OUT.
HEATERS AND RANGES,
ALL THE POPULAR MAKES.
TIN-WARE
OF ALL KINDS,
At Wholesale and Retail:
ROOFING AND SPOUTING!
Promptly done at Fair Prices and Work Guaranteed.
STOVE REPAIRS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ALWAYS ON HAND OR PROCURED AT SHORT NOTICE.
ALL KINDS OF TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK DONE TO ORDER. ALSO PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING
☞ House Furnishing Goods in Stock.
Jan 1 81-tf

☞ **Lumber and Hardware!**

G. E. HUKILL,
At the old stand, opposite the Railroad Depot,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE,
Dealer in all kinds of
Building Lumber,
AND BUILDING, HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE.
—ALSO—
☞ **General Building Material,** ☜
Such as Bricks, Lime, Doors, Sash, Shutters, Blinds and Mouldings, a full assortment of which is always on hand. The two best makes of CUCUMBER WOOD PUMPS in the market, viz.: "Blatchley's" celebrated Pump, and the equally celebrated "Goshen" Pump,
LUCAS' READY MIXED PAINTS, IMPERIAL TINTED LEAD,
(warranted pure lead) all colors, mixed ready for use, and RUBBER MIXED PAINT, all colors. These are the best mixed Paints in in the market.
Keep constantly on hand a full stock of
Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Glass and Putty.
ROOFING SLATES kept in stock, and slate roofs put on at short notice by practical slaters. Workmanship guaranteed.
☞ *Agent for Iowa Barbed Fence Wire.*
jan14-tf.

ISAAC JONES, Jr.,
Grain Dealer
Middletown, Delaware.
AGENT FOR
Wm. Lea & Sons,
BRANDYWINE MILLS.
Highest Market Price
PAID FOR GRAIN,
On Chesapeake and Delaware Waters
OR ON DELAWARE R. R.
And its Connections.
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL LIME. FLOUR.
FEED, SEEDS,
FERTILIZERS,
Agricultural Implements, &c.
Best Lehigh and Schuylkill Anthracite and Cumberland Bituminous Coals on hand at all times.
Jan 1, 1876-tf.

W. W. Cannon & Co.,
MAIN ST., MIDDLETOWN, DEL.,
Dealers in
Flour, Meal, Feed, Seeds, &c., &c.
The celebrated brand of Family Flour,
"THE IMPERIAL CROWN,"
Manufactured by W. G. Pennypacker & Co. Always on hand.
GRAIN BOUGHT
For W. G. PENNYPACKER & CO., Phila., at Highest Market Prices.
Dec.23-tf.

The Traveler.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.

New Castle Branches and Del. R. R.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
Del. Division.—Time Table.

ON and after Monday, Janu'y 23d, 1882, (Sundays excepted,) trains will leave as follows:

SOUTH. PASSENGER. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	NORTH. PASSENGER. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
8.21	11.50	5.20	—Philadelphia—	9.52	1.10	7.10
6.25	9.10	4.00	—Baltimore,—	11.20	3.35	8.40
9.35	1.05	6.35	—Wilmington,—	8.50	12.05	6.05
9.43		6.33	Delaware Junct.	8.43	11.56	5.59
9.53	1.22	6.44	—New Castle,—	8.33	11.46	5.49
9.55	1.24	6.46	—State Road,—	8.25	11.39	5.40
10.03	1.32	6.54	—Bear,—	8.22	11.36	5.37
10.05	1.34	6.56	—Rodney,—	8.17	11.31	5.30
10.07	1.36	6.58	—Porter's—	8.15	11.29	5.28
10.12	1.42	7.03	—Kirkwood,—	8.12	11.26	5.25
10.22	1.52	7.12	—Mt. Pleasant,—	8.03	11.16	5.15
10.39	2.10	7.30	—Middletown,—	7.55	11.07	5.06
10.49	2.18	7.39	—Townsend,—	7.42	10.49	4.49
10.55	2.22	7.44	—Blackbird,—	7.37	10.44	4.43
11.02	2.29	7.51	—Green Spring,—	7.29	10.36	4.35
11.08	2.34	7.57	—Clayton,—	7.24	10.32	4.30
11.25	2.45	8.10	Smyrna, (arrive)	7.00	10.20	4.15
11.13	2.39	8.02	—Brenford—	7.18	10.26	4.23
11.20	2.46	8.09	—Moorton,—	7.11	10.19	4.16
11.33	2.58	8.21	—Dover,—	7.01	10.10	4.06
11.40	3.04	8.27	—Wyoming,—	6.54	10.03	3.59
11.48	3.10	8.34	—Woodside,—	6.47	9.56	3.52
11.53	3.14	8.39	—Canterbury,—	6.42	9.52	3.47
11.58	3.19	8.44	—Felton,—	6.37	9.48	3.42
12.10	3.31	8.55	—Harrington,—	6.25	9.37	3.31
12.17	3.38	——	—Farmington,—	——	9.26	3.19
12.26	3.46	——	—Greenwood,—	——	9.18	3.11
12.35	3.55	——	—Bridgeville,—	——	9.09	3.01
12.52	4.10	——	—Seaford,—	——	8.55	2.47
1.07	4.23	——	—Laurel,—	——	8.42	2.33
1.20	4.35	——	—Delmar,—	——	8.30	2.20

NEW CASTLE ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.—Leave Wilmington at 6 a.m. and 3 p.m. Leave New Castle at 9.20 a.m. and 4.45 p.m.

SMYRNA BRANCH TRAINS.—Additional to those above, leave Smyrna for Clayton at 10.55 a. m. 2.20 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Clayton for Smyrna 7.25, 10.35 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. to make connection with trains (North and South) from Clayton.

CONNECTIONS.—At Townsend, with Queen Anne's and Kent Rail Road. At Clayton, with Delaware and Chesapeake Rail Road and Kent County Rail Road. At Harrington, with Junction and Breakwater Rail Road. At Seaford, with Dorchester and Delaware Rail Road. At Delmar with Eastern Shore Rail Road, Wicomico and Pocomoke Rail Road and Worcester and Somerset Rail Road.

FRANK THOMPSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agent. may27-tf.

Professional.

THOMAS DAVIS.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
No. 2 WEST SEVENTH ST.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

G. **W. CRUIKSHANK,**
Attorney at Law,
(NORTH STREET,) ELKTON, MD.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. july 14-tf.

JOHN BIGGS,
Attorney at Law,
No. 4, WEST 7TH STREET,
WILMINGTON, - - DEL.
☞ Prompt attention given to the Collection of Claims. apr 10-ly.

DR. THOS. H. GILPIN,
DENTIST,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE,
Feb 14-ly.
Persons from a distance, to avoid disappointment should make engagements previous to the day they come.
Superior Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder kept constantly on hand.

JOHN A. REYNOLDS
Notary Public,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

ELLIOTT, JOHNSON & CO.,
BANKERS & BROKERS,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.
WE DESIRE to call special attention to our superior facilities over Philadelphia houses in executing orders for the purchase and sale of stocks and all securities, in that our office is now connected, by *direct private* wires with New York, Boston, Philadelphia, & Washington. Quotations will be cheerfully furnished by wire, and our daily letter and closing prices sent by mail every evening to any one desiring them.
Local securities bought and sold. Cash ready for good first mortgages at both 5 and 6 per cent. mch18-tf

Philadelphia Advertisements.

J. D. MARSHALL,
WITH
Hess, Rogers & Chambers,
Importers of and
Jobbers in Notions,
Hosiery, Gloves, &c.,
411 Market St., PHILADELPHIA.

REEVES, PARVIN & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
Nos. 20 and 22 South Front Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
THE PATRONAGE OF THE MERCHANTS of the Peninsula is solicited by the above old-established and favorably known firm.
jan1-81-1y

The Oldest Tobacco Warehouse in Philadelphia.

G. & A. ULRICH,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MANUFACTURED TOBACCO,
SEGARS AND SNUFF,
No. 100 Market St., Corner of Front, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer, but get your friends to use Hop Bitters. Do not suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.